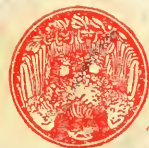


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The Power of Prayer

By Alice May House

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THE JOHN M. ROGERS PRESS,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A MUSICAL POEM, NARRATING A TRUE INCIDENT
OF THE CIVIL WAR.

COMPOSED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

ALICE MAY YOUSE.

President Shafesbury College of Expression, Baltimore.

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.”

1901.

4

DEDICATION.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
A proud and prosperous nation,
North and South, East and West,
The Union Forever!

1901.

At the dawn of a new century,
Greeting:
From the southern-northern,
northern-southern city,
Baltimore.

GREETING !

The Twentieth Century Woman.

For she is wise if I can judge of her
And fair she is if that mine eye be true.

HALL her, heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time, daring, independent, free, the triumph of the march of progress.

"To her mothers and grandmothers be all honor; gentle, tender, loving, modest, sweet and true; while in her their grace and virtue mellow to a rich, ripe fullness of vigor unknown before.

"Man may be somewhat afraid of her, and eye askant the yet vague glimpse of the new order of things she heralds—a readjustment, as it were, of rights both his and hers. But one square view of her face to face, full-fledged, and beyond transitional throes, and he will exclaim, as he ever has done, 'Behold! it is very good.'

"Yes, she brings a change; she has a mission; she dares to be aggressive. With resolution, energy, directness, she advances toward

the mark of her high calling, not matrimony, once the sole aim of a woman's ambition, always a high and holy calling, to which her heart will ever give ready response, now lifted by the very freedom of latter-day choice and selection to a level undreamed of before, when lovely woman, no longer a toy, shall respond, in hours of relaxation and leisure, with understanding and sympathy come of sharing the burden and heat of the day, shoulder to shoulder, tall as her mate.

"God bless her, defend her, exalt her. Temptations beset her unknown to the sweet little woman of old, under shelter of home and fireside; but stalwart and rugged of moral fibre, master of self and of circumstance, onward she moves to the march of the centuries. 'Time's noblest off-spring is the last,' and so we crown her queen."

Alice May Youse.

(Toast at Second Annual Banquet Eastern High School Alumna Association, Renart Hotel, Nov. 13, 1900.)

THE * * *
POWER *
OF * * *
PRAYER.

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly ;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.”



Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

It was on an ocean steamer,
And one voice above the rest,
Beautiful, pure, rich and mellow,
All the air with music blest:



Till the storm of life is past.

“Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into that haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”



O receive my soul at last.

Something more, a faint remembrance
Broke upon the listener's ear—
Yes, he thought, 'tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear.



Yes, he thought, 'tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear.

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.”



Other refuge have I none.

Silence followed. Then the stranger
Stept up to the singer rare,
“Were you in the Civil War, sir?”
“A Confederate, I was there.”



A Confederate, I was there.

Then a time, a place, were mentioned—
“Were you?” “Yes, and strange to say
This same hymn was then my comfort
That you hear us sing to-day.



Still support and comfort me.

Dark the night, so cold and dreary,
That my boyish heart felt low,



Dark the night, so cold and dreary.

Pacing there on sentry duty,
 Dangerously near the foe.



Dangerously near the foe.

Midnight came, the darkness deepened,



Midnight came, the darkness deepened.

Thoughts of home forebodings brought,
So, for comfort, prayer and singing,
Dissipated gloomy thought.



Thoughts of home forebodings brought.

‘All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring,



All my trust on Thee is stayed.

Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy Wing.'



With the shadow of Thy wing.

Then a strange peace came upon me,
No more fear and gloom that night,
Dawn came, heralding the morrow,
Ere the first faint streak of light."



Then a strange peace came upon me.

Then the other told his story:
 "I, a Union soldier, true,
In those woods that very evening,
 With my scouts was passing through;



I, a Union soldier true

You were standing, and our rifles
Covered you. We heard you sing:
'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing.'



You were standing, and our rifles covered you.

'T was enough. 'Boys' I said, 'come
Lower rifles; we'll go home.' "



Lower rifles, we'll go home.

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